

## NOTICE.

Persons desirous of preserving a file of the Examiner, can be supplied with the back numbers, by early application for them.

## Rev. Dr. John C. Young's Discourse.

We commence, on the first page, Dr. Young's discourse delivered at Danville, in this State, before the Presbyterian Church of that place, and published by the members thereof. Of this Discourse, nothing need be said in our Kentucky. He is eminent for his piety, learning, and truthfulness.

We have two objects in publishing this discourse now. First, to show what is thought by religious men in Kentucky, as to the duties of masters, and which may be found, also, on first page. Second, to reply to the charges made in the "American Missionary" for July as to the effect of slavery in retarding the progress of the Gospel.

We shall recur to this subject in our next; for while ready to expose all the life of Slavery, we are not willing to have the South represented as being involved in one gloomy thrall of impiety by mistaken or misjudging men.

## A Just Rebuke.

A daub of a man, a poor miserable show of humanity, from New York, passed through our State, and received the hospitality of some of its wealthy citizens. He thought it would please his entertainers to denounce the opponents of slavery, and exalt the patriarchal institution.

"I am satisfied," said he, that the slave is happy, and believe the institution, as administered here, neither harsh nor unjust. If those around me—

"Farden me!" Sir replied a slaveholder as he interrupted him. "We want no such defence. It is enough for you that the law gives and secures our rights, without asking freedom to defend a bitter curse as ever afflicted society, or troubled man—I would give for my children's sake alone, all I have, and he spoke not without reason if Kentucky had been as New York is free."

The subject was dropped. The miserable calist started new topics, and tried hard, we learn, to recover lost ground. He failed of course. Every planter felt contempt for him, and one went so far as to abuse it. JOHN RANDOLPH expressed the Southern feeling, when describing this class of Northern men, as "Spawns, Sir, Spawns." They are time-servers at home, and lick-spittles abroad.

## Encouragement.

The following note was handed us by one of our oldest and worthiest citizens:

Sir—You have conducted the Examiner in such a way as to disarm hostility, and conciliate slaveholders. If you go on as you have begun, you will do immense service to the State, and render your paper a blessing to the country. You treat slaveholders as men; reason with them; keep free from violence and personality; while you tell the truth and defend it. I wish you success, and will give you my help, with a cheerful heart.

## Yours with respect,

As we have conducted the Examiner so far, so all that is conducted hereafter. We have not a particle of hostility towards slaveholders. We know them to possess honorable feelings, and as generous impulses, as any other class. To these feelings and impulses, to their calm judgment, to their better nature, we shall constantly appeal against a system fraught with as certain injury to them as to any other class.

The mistake so often committed, of believing that slaveholders must be courted and flattered, we shall not fall into. They who act upon it always fail, and ought to fail. Slaveholders understand their game, and if at times they use the fellows who so act, they cast them away with disgust, when their services are no longer needed. Like all men, they like decision, calmness, magnanimity, discrimination, a justice that shall be scrupulous in all things, will command their respect, their confidence, whether they agree with you or not. It is, always, the most expensive economy, in any cause, so to ally truth, that the guinea is light. Give it its true weight, let the metal ring out clear and sound, and it will pass current with all classes, and be recognized, every where, as of standard weight and value.

We thank our correspondent, for his encouraging word. We have not undertaken the publication of the Examiner without full forethought, and he will find in it nothing which shall violate a Christian courtesy, or give offence to the well-bred man, be he what he may.

## Look out for Lightning!

The Pole and wire party, of the Telegraph line, are pushing on West rapidly. They were to be at Zanesville, Ohio, on the 14th or 15th. This portion of the line is to be opened at once.

## Dashing Ahead!

An arrangement is made between Wheeling and Baltimore, relative to the rail-road. Terms: 1. Wheeling subscribers, \$500,000.

2. Makes a free gift of 2½ cars for depot. 3. Allows the use of steam power on the road. Now it is said Virginia will grant the Charter as the parties wish. An unrestricted right of way they would and will have.

Well, the people of Zanesville hearing of this, met, and determined the terminus of the road from Columbus to the Ohio, should be opposite Wheeling. This will connect Cincinnati, Baltimore and Boston by rail-way!

There is a water route yet East, if we mistake not. If so, it will have its iron track some day. That route is direct from this to Richmond, Virginia, and what a glorious thing it would be to see Kentucky and the old Dominion, mother and daughter, rubbing their eyes as if just awake, rolling up sleeves, and, when having power and population, putting their whole energy to the task, as they derive rail-roads through their States, invite people, by removing Slavery, to settle among them, and make the best and shortest link between the West and New York!

Come, countrymen! Rouse up. The day is our own if we will act. The good man of old pray just before going into battle, "that inasmuch as he would not have time to think of Heaven, that day, while fighting the enemy, he hoped Heaven would think of him. 'Forget me not, because I am so busy.' We want this sort of energy. It is the best prayer, too, we can offer, when we go right to work, feeling in our hearts, and saying in our acts, we WILL GO AHEAD, AND DO WHAT IS NECESSARY TO COMMAND SUCCESS.

Let us be so busy that we can think of nothing but a long fight, a glorious fight for social success, and a sure prosperity and growth.

## New Hampshire Election.

Gen. Wilson, Whig, and Mr. Tuck, Independent, have been elected members of Congress from New Hampshire. The contest was sharp. There is much rejoicing, on one side, at the result. We may, occasionally, give the lines which separate parties, North and South, that the readers of the Examiner may be advised of the political action of the country.

The Erie Railroad brought to New York, 37,453 baskets of Strawberries on Friday, July 2nd.

## Let us Reason Together.

We have received a kindly letter from a slaveholder, who has known us from our early youth. Like us, he has passed through changes, and is willing to reason on a subject which he used to silence, when introduced, in anger.

We are rejoiced that he is so near to us in opinion. We must be able to hear yet; say that we may be in mind and purpose. We quote a portion of his letter, to show his disposition and tendencies, and to reply, in part, to his views.

"You will allow me to say, that your spirit is catholic, and that you argue with force. But my view is, that you should not quit the field of statistics; that the pupil should have charge of the morality of slavery, and that you should show that slavery is the most costly system ever devised by man, and certain to devour his substance. Prove that it *costs* pay, and it will move planters sooner than any thing else. I am a religious man, and believe that religion is opposed to slavery; know that slavery oppresses the white laboring man; know that it plays old hob with our children—but for all this, you must touch the pocket nerve before you can succeed: Put all your strength in this—that it does not, and will never pay."

We dissent. We cannot allow our friend to hold these views, without an effort to change them. We must step in between him and his class, and defend both against his argument. We will not admit that these are the views of slaveholders, and we ask our friend to follow us while we attempt to prove it.

Let this argument reduce slaveholders to the lowest level of a miserable avian.

What is the proposition? It is, that we must show, simply, that a *merged* failure will follow slavery if it is upheld. We shall do this, fully and frequently. It is all right that we should. But when told that nothing else will move slaveholders, what is it but declaring that they value their pocket more than right—justice—religion? Is our friend willing to have this character? Does he believe, really, that his associates possess it? The planter is noted for his hospitality. Every where we hear of the generosity and impulsive boldness of slaveholders. Yet admit this argument, hedge them in by the coldest aversion; paint them as dead to everything but their own interests—and we strip them, at once, of all these virtues, and make them, like the coin they are supposed to love, inanimate, hard, unfeeling, cruel.

This argument, if really true, would annihilate every regard for common justice in the slaveholder's bosom.

Our friend knows, "that slavery oppresses white laboring men." So does his class. Now, oppression is the rankest wrong. It stirs up, and it ought to stir up, burning indignation, and resolute opposition, wherever, and by whomsoever practised. It is a blot upon him who exercises—upon all who neglect to remove it. Yet our friend coolly acknowledges the fact,—"his language is, 'I know that slavery oppresses poor white laboring men,'"—and as coolly says, that neither he nor his brother slaveholders will consider this oppression, nor act against it, only as money shall be endangered or lost thereby! Why, if history were to inform us of any class of men so conducting themselves, so feeling, it would reveal in fiery indignation against the recreants; and not a boy in our schools, on declaration day, nor any orator on any platform, where liberty was the theme, that would not hurl defiance against an inhumanity so glaring—a corruption so debasing.

This argument makes parental love a calculating, mercenary feeling among slaveholders.

There are some things to be taken for granted. Love of offspring is planted in every human heart, rooted there, as vital to its very existence. It is the vanguard of earth to heaven. It is the link which binds us to our upper home. Breath is poor, and speech unable, when seeking to express or describe it. It never loses its lustre on earth; and when we pass away, it but melts to the larger, purer love of heaven, there to live forever. Touch a father to the quick, stir his blood, and make his proud soul feel proud, stir his sense of duty, and put him where he can be neither grazed nor pierced by the shot of accident or of fortune, and you must make him son the theme of discourse, or the subject of action. His noble nature rises, then, to its full stature. Yet one of the best of fathers advises, unthinkingly, that we shall sacrifice this parental love, so high, and holy? What says he? "I know that slavery plays old hob with our children." But, for all that, his argument runs, "declare it not in private, nor affirm it in public, nor tell it to slaveholding parents, nor yet urge it as an argument for freedom, but prove instead, that slavery will lose us money! You will not move our hearts through love of our children; touch our pocket nerve and you can." Why, art thou a man? Are thy associates men? It doth amaze us to hear such advice, and to find good, honest planters, willing to give and follow it, when, as hovering temporizers, they are made, thereby, instruments of the ruin of their own offspring! We will bear no such argument nor believe that men who have no winter in their bounty, can be caught by such chaff, or wind-shaken by the fear it conceals, or blasted by the inhumanity its admission involves.

4. This argument would destroy, if acted upon, all religion among slaveholders.

Our friend says, "religion is opposed to slavery." Some assert the contrary. There are divines who argue to prove the contrary. But our own experience—the experience of some of our oldest friends in the slave States—the fact that so many remove from slavery, and that so many, who live amid it, cannot do without emancipating their slaves—the inherent sense of right which burns in every bosom—all assure us, that our correspondent expresses the conviction of a majority of his class. What, then, is his proposition? Nothing more or less than to suppress God's word. "Religion is opposed to slavery." How can he, how dare any man, if this be his belief, hesitate as to his course? It is a mockery to hold heaven, it is an insult to earth, to say that our highest bond—that religion teaches us a duty which we need not perform; and it becomes the most horrible of all sacrileges to God and man, when we are bid to neglect it for the shrine of avarice!

5. This argument debases slaveholders and grades the race—would, if successful, destroy all progress.

Look back upon the past. Who are they that have accomplished most for our race? Not your titled men—not alone, nor generally your men of money. The unknown have done this. The humble and obscure have been humanity's best friends. It was a peasant voice in Judea that first broke the shackles of human tyranny, and it has been peasant hearts ever since, that have saved the world from the tyranny of the few. The answer should be of the multitude to an appeal for freedom. What was our own Revolution? A brotherhood strike for liberty. Slaveholder and non-slaveholder stood shoulder to shoulder, in that contest. They gave up all they had, freely, to life, property, time, strength, everything. Tell us then, when the summons comes, that we must stop to ask whether it will pay! Tell us when the battle is for right, for justice, for the common good, that we must touch the pocket nerve of man taken or urged. The old blood is in us all yet, and it will boil up, and burn, and put fire into our hearts, as we act out our better nature in all of manhood's glory.

Our better our friend, and will show him that we do, if possible, in our eighth number. He is a good man, and does not believe what he writes, nor do slaveholders. We will defend them steadily against any and all such vain theories. We believe in the common heart; we have faith in its right instincts—its true impulses—its generous feelings—its manly purposes; and we should as soon think of defying heaven, as of winning success without appealing to all principles which that heart can feel, or we grasp.

## School of Power.

Bourbon was once one of the strongest counties in the State. She has now but one Representative in the popular branch of the Legislature. She is short of her political strength. In 1799, she had six Representatives in a House composed of sixty-two members. Her voting population numbered, then, 1,113. In 1843, she had one Representative, in a House composed of one hundred members! Here is a fatal result of slavery! No county is richer, nor has finer opportunities for progress. Her soil fertile, her facilities to market great; her position healthful. Yet year by year slavery has increased, and as it increased, white laborers have bid farewell to old Kaintuck, and small farmers have left it for the free States.

Look at the progress of the two races.

1840	1840
White males 4,136. Black males 3,329.	
White females 3,709. Black females 3,064.	
Total 7,845	6,393

They are nearly equal. They show no such proportion as old counties do in thriving States. The voting population of Bourbon is stationary. The choice lands there are in the hands of a few large slaveholders, who subsist on the profits of slave labor, while the robust energy of free industry, in consequence, has been expelled.

The Auditor's report for 1846 shows this result:

1846	1845	1846	1845
Slaves 6,180	6,222	White males over 21, 1,712	1,839
Free males over 16, 5,229	4,749	Slaves males over 16, 5,229	4,749
Free females over 16, 5,229	4,749	Slaves females over 16, 5,229	4,749
Total, 5,921	5,229	Total, 5,921	5,229

In 1850 the race will be nearly equal. *Free* is the language of the statistics; *dear* in power, the fact. Are these results to be overlooked? Will an intelligent population disregard them? We speak to the men of Kentucky, and for them. Let us not make our political position insignificant!

## Death.

There is something beautiful in the death of the young. We know not why they should die. We never yet saw the infant, as its spirit winged its flight to another world, that its silent wing did not seem to us a mystery. That the old man should go to his rest, seems a matter of course, and when he has done his duty, no chill, but joy rather, creeps over us, as we gaze upon his cold, stiff form—the worn out fleshly garment which the soul has put off for one of heavenly mould. Still the infant in death, so calm, so pure in look, an emblem at once of innocence and truth, seems to us robed in beauty, and full of loveliness.

We were called the other day to minister to a friend who had lost his only child. He spoke not. No tear wet his manly cheek. We wish it had; for then his stern mastered grief had found vent in a natural channel. But as we gazed upon the sleeping beauty before us, and turned to the rigid, hard look of the Father, a chill came over us, and we felt as if there were more terror in that look, than in the death-expression of the child. We spoke no word of comfort. We knew it were vain in that hour to do it. Yet we bent over the body of the little one, and felt as if it were a plant of earth, taken up in early spring, to be grafted on the Heavenly tree in our Father's garden above.

One whom we know in spirit, speaks of a sister's departure as of the flower transplanted. It is a beautiful thought, and beautifully does he express it. He says:

"It was a short time since that our Father, on one of our brightest spring days, before the light had dawned, removed a fair, young plant from this earth to the upper garden, that it might open its petals in that safe land where no frost can chill, and where his own smile imparts a personal life. It was fitting that one who left us at the early age of seventeen, and before care or grief, or sin had dimmed her pure spirit, should go at this season, and be accompanied by the best breathings of nature, and the first song of the birds. There was that of her life and character of our sister which imaged forth a beautiful mingling of the joy and purity of creation, with the graces, the faith, and the virtues of the Gospel. Few ever felt a deeper sympathy than she did with the loveliness of the world, and few have exhibited at her age more of the attractions, and the sustaining power of the cross of Christ."

Mourn not, Father and Friend! The spirit of thy child has gone up to its fair home. It will bud there, and when the hour comes, with its summons for rest, thou wilt find it, with other kindred, ready to bear thee up, and make glad thy welcome. The best requiem to be sung over its deserted body will be a life of purity. The surest way to hallow its death, is, to be like it, prepared to die. Look up, then, and long for the time when we may rejoice together, with the lost and loved, in the purified circle of Heaven.

## Emancipation.

The world is waking up. Turkey has taken the first step towards the abolition of slavery. The Sultan has abolished the slave trade, and closed the slave markets at Constantinople. The Pacha of Egypt, and of Tripoli, it is believed, will soon follow this example. Already has the Bey of Tunis acted. This general emancipation will destroy the slave traffic in North Africa.

Wallachia, too, is free! The emancipation of the Bohemians belonging to the clergy, public officers, and State, has been decreed by the Wallachian Diet. This sets free fourteen thousand families and sixty thousand slaves. There are yet twelve hundred families and forty-eight thousand slaves held by private persons. But a small tax has been levied on the emancipated to redeem these bonds. All, then, are free! Prince Bissico urged forward this universal emancipation.

And Uruguay, in South America, has declared against all involuntary servitude. It is a great move. The other Republics cannot resist the example. They will follow it.

Non-combatants withstand the world-wide movement. Russia feels it. Prince Wornoff, Count Protassoff, M. Kolokroff, have set free their bond. Mr. Rummin gave liberty to eight thousand serfs of both sexes whom he owned; he is one of the wealthiest men in Russia. These serfs gathered round him; and with them gathered twenty thousand of the citizens of Nijni and Riazan, to give thanks for this deed of humanity. He was called, Liberator! Father! It is said the Czar favors this action. If his nod is given for freedom, serfdom will fall quickly in Russia.

## Nationalism in London.

The Irish Clergy of the Church of England are actually excluded from the London pulpits, by order of the Bishop of London, on the plea that a Dublin University education is inferior to that of Oxford and Cambridge. Yet the Irish and English clergies are united! Rev. Dr. Thorpe, of Belgrave chapel, London, went to Italy for an eminent clergyman, educated in Ireland, to be his assistant. He came, with his family, and the Lord Bishop promptly refused to license him, because he was an Irish clergyman! Such objections, at a time like the present, must be very annoying to Irishmen.

## Law School, Louisville.

This institution was organized, August, 1846. The faculty of the Law Department consists of, Hon. HENRY PITTLE, Professor of Constitutional Law, Equity and Equity Pleadings, and Commercial Law.

GARRETT DUNCAN, Esq., Professor of the Science of Law, including Common Law and its History, and Criminal Law.

PAERSON S. LOUGHBOROUGH, Professor of Real Property, of the Practice of the Law, including Pleading and Evidence, and of the Laws of Nations.

These gentlemen are well known for their ability and learning. The young man who cannot improve under their tuition cannot improve anywhere. The Louisville Law School, as scholars and gentlemen; and they will omit no means, spare no time, in making the Louisville Law School one of the best in the country.

There were thirty-two students at the first term which began November, 1846. The second commences next November, when we hope to hear of a still larger class.

## A Bishop nearly roasted.

The Bishop of London, Philpotts, is well known the world over. He is a man of resolute purpose, and dauntless energy. Many suppose him to be too much of a politician to suit the sacred desk, but his position makes him such, and we do not know that he is worse or as bad, in this respect as his defenders.

The Bishop, the other day, had a narrow escape. Only think of his being roasted to a cinder in a burning railway-car! That came near being his fate. And the English Press, and all, inasmuch as he escaped unhurt, with him sat, or good-humored story.

"According to usage," begins one of them, he made the place too hot to hold him, and he flew along the road, as in the centre of a firework. "This is his way," said another "in his diocese." "This time" speaks a third "he was nearly burnt down, and it was by a mere piece of luck that a cinder was not found in place of a bishop." "Some chaffing in the carriage," continues one, (and this smacks of Pulpit—"every thing chafes and heats with our fun")—had set it on fire, and the flames under his feet gave the Bishop a very ugly sort of forestake, which we hope will not be lost upon him. "Doctor, said a wicked old nabob, in a fit of the gout, to his physician, "I feel the torments of hell." "What, already" was the response.

His escape, notwithstanding, was a narrow one. The Express Extra train was flying through the air at rapid rate. The Car in which he was, caught on fire. The faster the train flew the faster the fire fed on the freshening breeze, madly with its insatiable and forked tongue licking up the vital air in the breeze ran. The Bishop shouted. He was not a man to be roasted alive quietly. But no answer came. On swept the train, and five minutes more, and the car would have been in a blaze. The flames were already beneath his feet, the thick smoke curling up, and dimming his sight, and stifling his voice. "Guard!" "Guard!" The Bishop cries. The roar of the train drowns his call. But when about twenty miles from Exeter, one of the guard, saw the difficulty. He screwed down his break instantly. But this did not check the iron horse; on, on, he went as fast as ever, and the heated floor of the car became too hot for human feet. The guard who was around, passed on, at some peril, to his mate ahead. He screwed down his break. The engineer feeling the check of the two, turned to see the reason, and discovered the peril. Instantly steam was shut off, and the engine reversed; and the Bishop released. The car was cast aside.

The Bishop reached Exeter, says one of the writers, safe and sound,—a cinder detached from the burning.

## Good News.

An English writer speaking of English intervention in the affairs of Portugal, says, "Lord Palmerston looks to protect the Constitutional rights, to revive and preserve their constitutional rights, to re-establish the sovereign authority and restore peace. We confess we hope no realization of all these objects. There may be a hollow show of them for a time, but—"

—vows made in pain.

Ease will recant as violent and void. There is no example of the reformation of a sovereign who has once made an attempt on the liberties of his people. It is a drama—which, once commenced, must have one of two catastrophes, either the downfall of the despot, or the throne of the nation. Revolutions do not turn back, nor do monarchs once possessed of arbitrary designs, and committed to a struggle with their subjects. A temporary check and disappointment only whets the purpose, and makes future work for the executioner's axe."

## The Lawyers.

We observe several notices of an "important case" in Massachusetts. We suppose it is made so more from the fact, that Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate were pitted against each other, than from any new or difficult principles involved in it.

A rich man, noted for his avarice and his wealth, died—making his will, and giving the bulk of his property to various charities. The will was contested on one ground—that one of the witnesses to it was insane at the time of signing, and, therefore, incompetent. Had this been proved—it was not the dead man's disposition of his property could not have been carried out.

Mr. Webster examined this witness. He had been insane. But he passed through the ordeal satisfactorily. After a three hours' siege, the cross-examination began. Says one writer, describing that:

"No shrewdness could entrap him, or bring him into inconsistency; nothing could make him shamed to tell the whole truth about himself, although some things must have been exceedingly painful; nor could any multitude of questions, or ingenuity of interrogation confuse him. He saw every thing as clear as light, and answered accordingly. His examination closed at sunset, and the Court adjourned."

The object of justice is to get at truth; of the cross-examination to prevent this. No body should be doubted the testator's sanity; but the law requires three witnesses to a will; if one of them could be proved insane, the will would be set aside. So the lawyer (and, we suppose, we should all of us do the same, as far as we could) tried to trap this poor fellow, to shame him into some inconsistency, to drive him, by touching on painful matters, to self-contradiction.

And we call the talent, tact, or cunning so displayed by the professional man, "great." "Mr. Choate surpassed himself." "His intellect never soared so high." Is it not strange that usage should so blind us as to make us overlook cruelty—the ends of justice itself? Is it not most singular that we should look on, and prize a conduct, which, if practiced in private, would shock every sensitive mind and honest heart? We trust the day will soon be, when talent, at the bar, will be exercised in a better way for itself, and the community, and professional contests look for something higher than entrapping, confusing, or confounding poor witnesses!

The Sea Serpent has appeared off Nahant—This intimates that the hotel keepers there are all ready for their summer custom.

## The Southern, or, Sand-hillers.

We find in the Winayn Intelligencer, published at Georgetown, South Carolina, the following notice:

"The poor laborers on Black River, and in that neighborhood, are in a state of starvation, many of them being without corn or meal, and none of them having meat. The occasion calls for the aid of the charitable, and efforts will be made to obtain relief for them."

## Who are these "poor laborers?"

There is a class of poor whites in the Carolina, and most of the Southern States, peculiar in character, and unknown generally to the country. They are called Sand-hillers. They are so called because they cluster together in the poorest regions, and there live by hunting, fishing, raising a little stock, making tar and charcoal, and attending to poultry. They are very ignorant. Not one out of fifty can read or write, and, what is worse, they change not as time winnows down the old and supplies their places with the young. As is the case, so is the case.

And these Sand-hillers are as peculiar in dress and look as they are in character. You know them whenever you see them. They are marked in any crowd. Dressed always in the plainest homespun, home-made and widely cut, often without shoes, but when using them wearing the coarsest kind, with slouched hats of cheapest texture, having no blood in their cheeks, their eyes black, and their hair black, they are as distinct a race as the Indian. In some respects they are not unlike them. They love to roam the woods, and be free there; to get together for frolic or fun; to fish and hunt; to chase wild cattle; but here the similarity ends: for they are wanting in personal daring, and in that energy of character which makes a man. We do not know one of them who ever gained station in society, or became distinguished by his deeds. And it is this class to which the Georgetown Intelligencer alludes, when it speaks of the "poor laborers" on Black River, and neighborhood.

How came they in their present condition?

Their history is quickly told. It is a sad one, and we never think of it without sorrow. In the early settlements of the Carolinas, every body pressed upon the water courses. Poor, as well as rich, made lodgement upon, or near their banks. There were, at first, very few negroes; consequently the latter needed the labor of the former to house their crops, and clear their lands. All got along well, then. But the slave traffic, with its accursed ill, began soon after, and by and by, planters had their places stocked with slaves. As these slaves increased, the poor began to feel their degradation. A bitter hatred grew up between these classes. It led often to violence. The larger planters, in consequence, began to buy up the poor men's land, and the poor men, in turn, became anxious to sell. And they did so. But where were they to go? South of Carolina was a wilderness; the good lands on the water courses, in the State, were in possession of rich planters. They had no alternative left, as they thought, but to herd together in the sand-hills, and there they and theirs still live.

Their choice of place is significant enough of their feeling, and of the cause of their removal. They made their location in neighborhoods where neither large nor small planters could molest them. They got where they could live without being disturbed, or worried, by the continued sight of slaves. Now and then you find a few of the more debased sort gathered close by towns; but generally they are some ten, or fifteen, or twenty miles back. What the land would yield which they call their own—for often they "squat," as the phrase is, on the State's or other's property—it is difficult to say. But the best of it, on the average, would not return ten bushels of corn to the acre; the most of it, not five. They grow sweet potatoes, melons, a little cotton for home use, and, and then a bag, or half a bag for market. But things are where they are, and as they are, because slavery, with its biting social ill, beats them away from the richer soil, and keeps them hopelessly down and debased on the barren hills.

What are their peculiarities of mind? The fact, that they left the neighborhood of large plantations, and sought a sort of wild liberty, shows that they have some notions of personal freedom. They have. But woe they are very, very. It was their condition which induced us to think first on the subject of slavery, and we endeavored, in conjunction with the lamented GUNN, to hit upon some plan by which we could improve this. We sought them out in their hovels. We endeavored to win their regard, and secure their confidence. We succeeded in this, but we failed, wholly, in every effort to induce them to change their mode of life. The ruling idea uppermost in their minds seemed to be, *hated of labor*, under the conviction, that it degraded them, because it put them on an equality with the slaves. An anecdote will illustrate this feeling.

One of their number had a fine, intelligent son. He was one that would have attracted notice in any boyhood gathering. We proposed to the father that he should be educated. "Let him go with us to town," said he, "and we will send him to school, and see what can be done with him." "And what then," asked he, eyeing us, as if suspicious that something wrong was to follow. "Why," we continued, "when he has been educated, we can send him to the Carriage makers, Mr. C., and let him learn a trade." "Never," he quickly, almost fiercely, rejoined, with a harsh oath. "My son shall never work by the side of your negroes, and Mr. C.'s negroes, (calling certain planters names whose slaves were being taught the trade), and be ordered about by Mr. C. as he ordered them about." He was fixed. No argument, entreaty, appeal to interest, could move him. The idea uppermost in his mind was the idea of his class—that labor was degrading; and he would rather his son should be free in the forest, if ignorant, than debased in the city, though "educated," by a menial task.

What hope is there for them? We see none. Nothing, certainly, but the removal of slavery can induce them to change their present condition. They will not labor in the field while they think it degrading; nor become artisans or mechanics while slaves are such. And as for educating them, scattered as they are, the effort seems almost hopeless! Up and down the river where these "poor laborers," that the South Carolina paper talks of, live, and all around Georgetown, there are large rice and cotton estates. Many of the owners of them are very wealthy; a majority rich. Yet there is no sort of connection, or sympathy, between these planters and the sand-hillers! They are as far apart as two races well can be. We speak now of social separation; for we are sure the moment they heard the "poor laborers" were starving, these planters did what was necessary, and more, to relieve their wants. But we fear, coming time will find them as they are now—alone, ignorant, degraded, the victims of a blighting curse!

The condition of these sand-hillers illustrates the effect of slavery in its extreme, or when pushed to its farthest limit. Take one town, near the centre of South Carolina, and make a line for ten miles south of it along the river on one side, looking three miles back, and we question whether you will find over ten planters!

They have each from one hundred to two, three slaves, or five hundred slaves! Many of these slaves, too, are mechanics! Necessarily, therefore, the towns wane, the poorer classes emigrate, as well as the young and enterprising, and the ignorant, or mad-dill class, escaping to the barren for freedom! according to their notion of it.

So much for the "poor laborers" of Black River and its neighborhood! For the unfortunate sand-hillers of the Carolinas!

## Islethous of Panama.

Michael Chevalier's examination of the Isthmus of Panama shows the distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific to be upward of seventy miles. From the Gulf of Papagaya, on the Pacific, to Lake Nicaragua, is seventeen miles. This lake is one hundred and thirty-one feet above the ocean; the summit of the intervening ridge one hundred and forty-three feet above the lake.

Several surveys terminate a canal from the Gulf at a point near the town of Nicaragua on the lake; St. Juan is believed to be the fit ending on the Atlantic side. The distance, by the route proposed on this line, is seventy-five miles.

An easier though longer route is by Lake Leon. No deep cutting would be required on this route. Lake Leon is twenty-six feet higher than Lake Nicaragua, and discharges its waters into it. A canal, using the waters of the former, would require only thirty locks—supposing the waters of the Pacific to be used as the summit lake distance, if the canal went by way of Nicaragua, and terminated at St. Juan; two hundred and eighty-two miles, if by way of Lake Leon; twenty-five miles longer if by Rengale.

## Florence and Freedom.

On the 9th June, a deputation of lawyers, nobles, &c. offered the Grand Duke of Tuscany their congratulations for his reforms. Liberty of the Press, and freedom in trade, are about to be guaranteed. Three papers are started; a treaty made between Luca and Tuscany. In reply to the congratulations of